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THE Commonweal

week by week

THE TWO PARTIES

WITHOUT its being generally realized, the chances are that we have long since ceased to be a Republican nation. The big shift doubtless took place in the thirties. To recognize the change now requires no extraordinary powers of divination nor the reading of too much into the latest local and state elections. And such recognition tends to put 1952 in its true perspective. General Eisenhower's superlative personal prestige was coupled with a widespread desire for a change of hands and for something less onerous and less unpleasant than America's role in the postwar years.

If this observation is correct, the Eisenhower incumbency is only an interruption, or an interlude. As such it parallels the Wilson Administration, which came to power when W. H. Taft and "Teddy" Roosevelt split the Republican vote, and won again in 1916 primarily because Charles Evans Hughes lost California by alienating Hiram Johnson. But the United States was still predominantly Republican then as it has been predominantly Democratic at least since 1936.

The secret of the protracted Republican rule was the way that party had latched onto the slogan of "prosperity." The chief instruments thereto were high tariffs—to protect our lusty infant industries—and government economy. Appropriations for social services and national defense were kept considerably below those of several (much smaller) European nations.

The Republican formula worked for decades—with the help of several timely foreign calamities and wars, which suddenly produced extraordinary demands for American goods at moments when the stagnating national economy was about to go into a big decline. The Republicans appeared to have all the luck.

When the Big Depression obliterated that prosperity myth, the GOP had seen its day. The Democrats themselves failed to hit upon the means of pulling the nation out of its economic doldrums; only the war clouds, and then war itself, did that. The Roosevelt Administration did, however, save homes, farms and personal bank deposits; it established minimum hours and wages, collective bargaining, crop supports and social security. So that once the demands of Armageddon had called forth capacity production and full employment, new institutions were on hand to cushion the effects of business declines in an effort to head off any big depression.

MANY of these things have become such fixtures on the national scene that they are accepted by both parties. You cannot win votes by withdrawing government beneficence or protection. What debate still exists is on matters of degree or about issues which do not passionately concern the bulk of the electorate. It created scarcely a ripple the other day when Secretary McKay stated that the Administration was proceeding with its policy of turning the public domain over to private interests.

Yet the ideological advantage today is clearly on the Democratic side because of its New Deal and Fair Deal programs. "Me-tooism" is hardly a source of strong political rhetoric, while the removal from office of their 1952 campaign targets has left the Republicans with precious little to say.

Under the old dispensation the GOP could count on plenty of worker votes in good times. For years it was strongest in Northern and Western agricultural states, due to the farmer's proverbial conservatism. At the moment the Eisenhower Administration has alienated many of its rural and worker supporters. In the long run the GOP will normally be unable to win enough votes to offset the South and the big-city machines. We are in the midst of a Democratic era.

There are plenty of disadvantages in years of political dominance by a single party. The solons grow weary and careless. Voters find themselves confronted by a succession of mediocre aspirants to high office. Machines appear irresistible. In the

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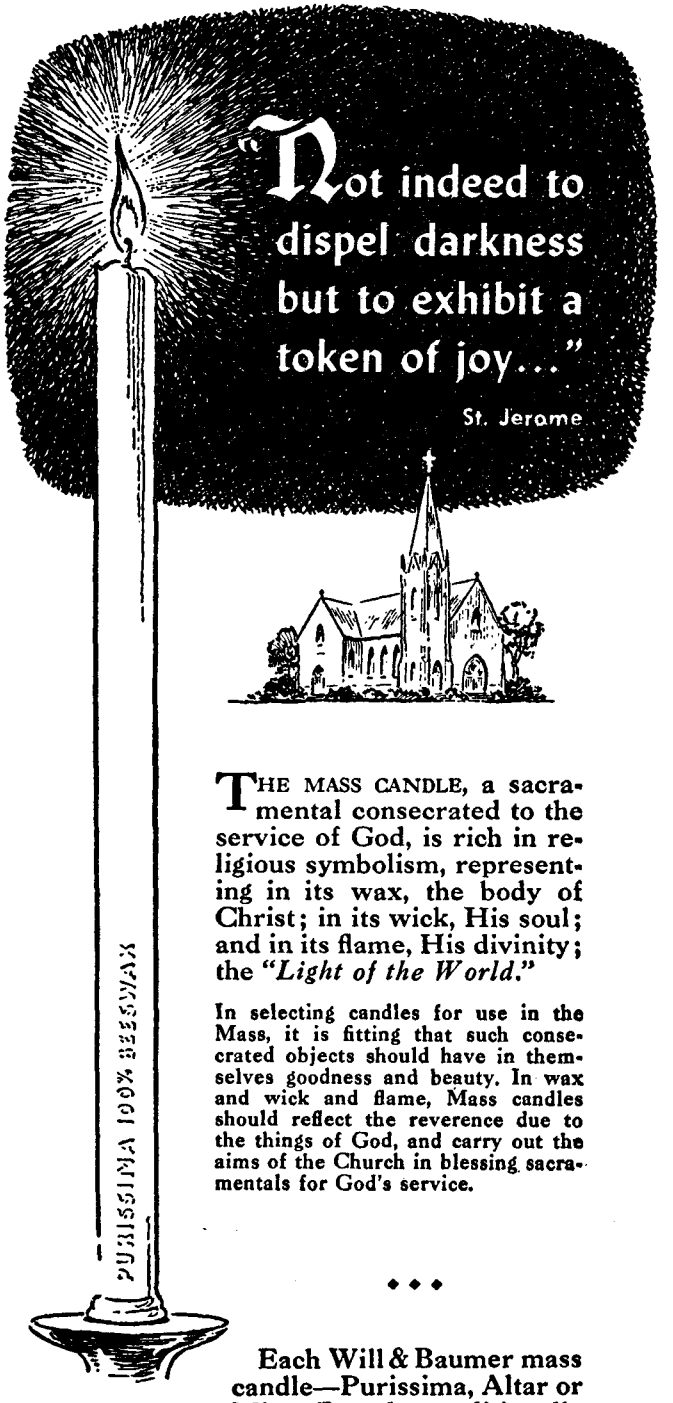

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recent mayoralty race not a single New York newspaper of any importance could bring itself to support Mr. Wagner; yet his margin of victory was several hundred thousand votes.

For all that, our two-party system appears more effectual than the multi-party system of continental Europe. The voting margin between Republicans and Democrats is seldom so great that incumbents can for long flout the will of the electorate. If the American voter is slow to move, he leaves no doubt once he has had enough. And every so often the citizenry will respond to a powerful opposition candidate. So that despite long stretches of single-party dominance, every Presidential election, at least, is a stirring event.

GENOCIDE

AT first glance, being for ratification of the UN genocide convention would seem about as controversial as Calvin Coolidge's celebrated position on sin. The convention is aimed at acts which are intended "to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial or religious group," and forty-three nations have already ratified it. In the U.S., however, strong opposition to ratification has developed, led chiefly by isolationists and by Southern Senators who fear ratification might eventually lead to UN investigation of the status of the Negro in the United States.

Faced with this situation, the Eisenhower Administration months ago told Congress that it would not press for passage of the genocide convention. This assurance, it was hoped, would take some of the steam out of the drive for the Bricker amendment, a measure which would seriously hamper the President in foreign affairs.

Thus when the matter came up recently in the UN, the United States voted in favor of a resolution urging all nations to speed ratification of the genocide convention and instructing the Secretary General to give the widest publicity to the nature and implications of the measure. But at the same time U.S. delegate Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. stated that this vote did not constitute a commitment on the part of the United States nor did it authorize "propaganda" in favor of the convention inside this country, despite the instructions given the Secretary General.

One can sympathize with the dilemma of Administration officials in this matter. On the one hand, they are anxious to avoid stirring up the supporters of the Bricker amendment—not that they need much stirring up. And, on the other hand, they want the U.S. on record abroad as opposing genocide. Mr. Lodge's puzzling performance obviously represents an attempt to reach some kind of middle ground in this affair. As such, it may be successful, but the Administration would be wise not to bank on it too heavily. Trying to carry water on both shoulders is notoriously difficult.

FIRE WARNINGS

POSING as the champion of the have-nots, the American Labor Party long maintained in New York State a certain strength among oppressed groups. It became more and more obvious, however, even to those for whom it professed to fight, that the ALP was wedded to the Party-line. It took a terrible beating in the elections of 1952, and survived only feebly into 1953.

The *coup de grâce* was administered by its erstwhile friends, the American Stalinists, through their paper, *The Daily Worker*, in this year's election. Toward the end of New York City's mayoralty campaign the *Worker* advised its loyal readers to switch their support from the ALP candidate, Mr. Clifford McAvoy, to Mr. Robert Wagner, the candidate of the Democrats. "Labor," the *Worker* explained, was behind Mr. Wagner—so goodbye Mr. McAvoy. Thus deserted by his Stalinist supporters, Mr. McAvoy ended up with barely fifty thousand votes, and the American Labor Party, to all appearances, died in his disgrace.

No obituary has appeared in the *Worker*, however. This paper, which for many years pushed the ALP as "labor's only hope," is currently too busy hailing the Democrats' victory to shed any tears over the American Labor Party's defeat. "People Rebuke Ike and McCarthyism," the *Worker* now shouts in a frontpage headline. "Fight Opens for City New Deal."

Perhaps the most unhappy man in New York over this switch of the Line was Mr. Wagner himself. His acute embarrassment was evident in the words he used to denounce his new-found Stalinist support. Acting on the theory that in the present climate of American politics whom the Communists would kill they first embrace, he declared that the Party must want his defeat very much to urge his success.

It's a plausible theory, and it may provide the answer, but another answer should not be ruled out. The Stalinists may really have wanted Mr. Wagner to win, and their powers of self-deception may be such that they did not realize that, if this were the case, the last thing in the world they should do was to say so.

In this second answer lies the danger. Realizing

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that such obvious fronts as the American Labor Party can no longer gain even a minimum popular support in the United States, the Communists are prepared to drop them. (Sentimentality is not one of their vices.) Their new tactic will be a re-attempt to infiltrate liberal groups—to reach the "workers" where the workers actually are. It will be the early forties all over again.

The signs of this new tactic have been evident during the past year. The *Worker's* new enthusiasm for Mr. Wagner seems to confirm it. Unfortunately for the Stalinists—fortunately for the rest of us—it's a tactic not likely to succeed. "Liberals," like other men, need only be burned once to stay away from fire. And the fire warnings are now loud and clear.

CHAPTER'S END

FOUR times since last spring the governments of France, Great Britain and the United States have asked the Russians to talk about the future of Germany. The most recent note was sent on October eighteenth, urging a November meeting in Lugano, Switzerland. During these months, Prime Minister Churchill has publicly proposed a meeting of the leaders of the Soviet Union with Western officials for the purpose of settling a few of the calamitous disagreements which have divided East and West since 1945, while the press of the West hopefully speculated about a possible settlement of the Cold War. The October note offered "to discuss any aspect of the . . . question which [the Soviet Union] may wish to present."

In short, if the Russians wanted to talk, this was their chance; here they could expect interest and attention from Western governments and public, and a willingness to explore new lines of negotiation.

On November third, the Communists answered the latest note, and it was an answer to chill the most determined neutralist. They demanded among other things the participation of China, the "re-establishment of a German state on democratic and peace-loving principles," and the "liquidation" of United States bases in Europe. They were, in short, willing to discuss the German problem only if the German problem were settled on their terms before the discussion began. It was, in the words of a West German spokesman, a note of reply minus the reply.

The door of six months of hope has been closed, locked, and barricaded. The only course now for the Western nations is to return to the difficult business we were engaged in before Stalin's death: the encouragement of mutual trust, assistance and strength among the Allies. These things are expensive, and supremely wearing on the temper, but they are also indispensable.

We have let things slide while we flirted with grand settlements. We have now to find a solution on Trieste, on the Israel-Arab fight, on the Suez. We have got to do something about the weakness on our periphery: the essential instability of Japan, the dangerous indecisiveness over what to do in Indochina. We have to face the fact of a booming and powerful Germany standing next to a France which is frighteningly near paralysis, and decide whether we're to have an EDC or not; and if not, what sane alternative there is. We have to make some hard plans to deal with the enlarging Soviet economic offensive, and the effect a recession here in the United States, even a small one, would have on the economies of France, Italy, Great Britain and Japan.

And the foregoing is only a partial list of the problems. They will be difficult to solve; some of them may indeed be impossible to solve. But they have grown far too serious already, and each poses a threat to all of us.

John Cogley is now en route to the Middle East for a stay of several weeks. He will resume writing his regular page shortly, in the form of reports for the readers of The Commonweal from the various countries he visits.

NEXT WEEK

WILLIAM P. CLANCY discusses the problem of Catholics and pressure groups in this country.

"It is not easy for two societies whose ends are divergent to live together. The long history of the Church's struggles with Princes and of their struggles with the Church underlines this fact. Concordats between the Papacy and the civil power have been a classic means of achieving some *modus vivendi* between two societies, each jealous of its own rights. But Concordats are not popular today, particularly in countries like our own where there is great concern over 'separation of Church and State.' The ancient problem of the two societies remains, and its resolution is still far from complete. The use of political pressure by Catholic groups is a major—perhaps *the* major—aspect of this problem in the United States today."

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African Journey

"WHAT PATTERN DO THE AFRICANS EVOLVE WHEN THEY ARE FREE TO EXPRESS THEMSELVES?"

LYDWINE VAN KERSBERGEN

ALL during my twelve thousand mile safari through South, Central and East Africa last year, I kept looking for the black man's Africa. Traveling through South Africa, I saw everywhere the stamp of Western civilization. Johannesburg, Pretoria, Durban are typical modern cities, with their hotels, skyscrapers, department stores, motion picture houses. Driving through the heavy traffic of Johannesburg's main street, I might have been in Chicago or Detroit. To find any traces of native African life I had to go to the squalid locations on the outskirts of the city, overcrowded, teeming with disease, rebellion, and indescribable misery.

As my litle Ford made its way northward from Capetown, through the Union, into the Rhodesias, Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Kenya, I was amazed to see how everywhere the European instinctively chooses a terrain which reminds him of home and then proceeds to remake his motherland in the midst of the African wilderness. In the barren, mountainous country near Dodoma, so like Northern Italy, I found the Italian mission, with its beautiful Romanesque church on the top of the hill, and I felt as though I were entering Assisi or Siena. In the white highlands of Kenya I drove through another England, with its valleys and lakes, its lush green meadows, its pleasant English farmhouses standing proudly in the midst of beautifully cultivated fields and gardens. Twelve thousand square miles of the choicest land in Kenya is restricted exclusively for European settlement.

I had dined at one of these English country estates —a seven-course meal, punctiliously served at a table gleaming with the finest silver and china. And I found another Holland on the broad plateau of the Uasin Gishu, where the Dutch Boers have settled, passing by the green highlands to build on these vast empty plains which are so like the flat lands of Holland. At Eldoret, the Boer center, where Afrikaans is the accepted language, I was served the typical Dutch red cabbage and pudding with *bessensap*. How deeply our own culture is engrained in all of us!

Dr. van Kersbergen, head of the Grail movement, recently returned from an extended visit to Africa.

BUT where are the African cities, I wondered, as I continued northward. What pattern do the Africans evolve when they are free to express themselves? In the cities of Tanganyika I thought I had found the answer to my questions. Mbeya, Doodma, Iringa, Arusha, were on a distinctly different pattern from the English government towns of the Rhodesias. Here the heart of the city is a market place, a few streets lined with *dukas,* the stalls and open-windowed shops of the Indian traders. Around this center, with no apparent plan or order, cluster the homes of the Africans, the same simple mud huts with thatched roofs that one sees everywhere in the bush. There is little European influence in evidence here—a bank, a European-type store, a neon-lighted bar. The relatively few Europeans live in quiet suburbs, far removed from the bustle of the native market place.

But I soon learned that these cities could more fairly be called Asian than African. Although the Indians account for only about one per cent of East Africa's eighteen million people, they are an influential minority, disliked and feared by the British settlers. They are the business people, the bankers, the traders, the storekeepers, and it is they who dominate the cities of East Africa. The real African, at least in East and Central Africa, does not build cities—he is either a peasant farmer or a more or less nomadic herdsman. Whatever his rank, stage of education or occupation may be, he neither understands nor has any sympathy with a way of life which is not intimately connected with the land.

"Townships are almost exclusively non-native organisms, for town life is foreign to the native's ideas and has little real attraction for him," Thomas and Scott say in their authoritative study of Uganda. When I inquired of Bishop Joseph Kiwanuka about the possibility of buying land in the city of Masaka, he was most surprised and remarked that several plots had been offered to him there, but he could not see the use of owning land in the city. The cities simply have no meaning for the real African—they are European or Asian constructions, and one must look for African life in the countryside. The situation is not the same

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in the Gold Coast and Nigeria, where the cities are in the hands of the Africans, but these regions are peopled by other tribes with a different mentality.

Finally, after two months of hazardous travel, I crossed the border into Uganda, the black man's country, in the heart of Africa. Here was Africa as I had imagined it—the lush topical growth, the banana and coffee plantations, the low papyrus swamps, the thick forests, the warm humid climate. Arriving in Kampala, the main city, I was struck immediately by the African atmosphere. I saw hundreds of Africans bicycling down the streets. On Kampala Road, I passed the women in their voluminous, brilliantly colored draperies, balancing the heavy baskets of produce on their heads with superb poise. Africans were in charge in the postoffice. I wandered into a bookstore run by Africans (under the sponsorship of the Protestant missions) and offering books in English and the vernacular by African writers, books which were quite unobtainable in the stores of the "European" cities. Here there was a venacular press, boasting more than a dozen different newspapers and magazines.

What a difference from the atmosphere of Johannesburg. Here the African is at home, independent and free, unsuppressed. In Greater Kampala, the European population, made up largely of transient government officials, numbers only 1,500 in a total of 36,500, and there are only 3,500 Europeans in the whole of Uganda. In Kampala, as in the cities of Kenya and Tanganyika, the Indians dominate the business section, and some 15,000 Indians live in the city. But despite their presence, and the undeniable tension between the Africans and the Indians, one feels that the Africans are at home here. This is their country and here they are going to make their future.

MY first impressions of an African country were confirmed by what I learned of the government, the economy, the life of the Church. Politically, the British system of indirect rule through the native chiefs is the closest approach to an independent native government in Africa, with the exception of the Gold Coast, Nigeria and Liberia. On one of Kampala's seven hills, I visited the palace of the Kabaka, the African king of the Buganda province, and saw the sacred fire which is always kept burning before the royal gates. The Kabaka, with his native ministers and council, rules directly over Buganda, exercising extensive powers with the advice of the British "resident" who is discreetly in the background.

Economically, Uganda is primarily an agricultural country, and its agriculture is largely in African hands. Uganda would delight the heart of a decentralist, for it is a land of family-sized homesteads, the *shambas*, most of them under ten acres. I passed many such

small holdings, with their neatly hoed patches of cotton, coffee and sweet potatoes in between the luxuriant clumps of banana trees. The land in Uganda belongs to the Africans, and sale or lease to non-Africans is very strictly controlled. The growing class of wage earners—the white collar clerks and government employees who ride their bicycles into Kampala—are still farmers at heart; they live on their *shambas* which their wives and children cultivate. If they are not satisfied with conditions on the job, they simply stop work and retire to their homesteads to live in comparative ease.

From a social point of view, the people are progressive, particularly the dominant Baganda tribe, who are noted for their intelligence and general capability. Everywhere I found an intense eagerness for education, roused to fever heat by the African's passionate determination to meet the white man on an equal footing. At Nkoni I had a discussion with a number of African teachers. The next day one of them, Maria Nakibule, walked ten miles over the red roads of Buganda and back again, barefooted with only a banana for her lunch, simply for a few minutes talk with me about the possibilities of an education in America or Europe. The government is gradually providing a complete British school system, on a wholly secular pattern, crowned by Makerere University College in Kampala, affiliated with the University of London. Makerere is already a magnet for students from all over East and Central Africa and promises to become the major intellectual and cultural influence in the area.

I do not mean to say that there are no problems in Uganda. But taken together, these conditions spell a certain absence of that tension which characterizes so much of Africa today. There is an atmosphere of peace and independence, and for the time being at least, the people of Uganda have an exceptional opportunity for self-development along African lines.

THE Church in Uganda has had an almost miraculous growth, which parallels in its vitality and swift maturing the tropical luxuriance of the country. It was only seven years after the seeds of the faith were first planted that they bore fruit in the twenty-two Uganda martyrs. When Archbishop Henri Streicher, W.F., the

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first priest in the Masaka teritory, began his work in 1891, the Church in Uganda was in its infancy and his own territory had scarcely a single Catholic. It is again characteristic of the quick maturing of Uganda Catholicism that forty years later, the Archbishop assisted at the consecration of one of his own spiritual sons, Joseph Kiwanuka, the first African bishop of modern times. When this venerable old missionary, whom his priests call the "St. Patrick of Uganda," died in 1952, the church was already adult, with over a million faithful, five flourishing seminaries, one hundred and nineteen African priests, eight hundred African sisters, and one diocese entirely in the hands of the African secular clergy.

As the drums gave the signal for Mass (in Uganda, drums rather than bells are used to summon the faithful to worship), I saw the people crowding into the churches to participate with full voices and fervent spirit. I did not attend a single low Mass in Uganda—always the congregation sang and prayed together in their own language, their melodious voices resounding pleasantly in the churches. The Baganda are a community-minded people; they have a natural tendency toward common worship which makes it easier for them to enter into the liturgy than for us Westerners, tainted by individualism.

However, the African laity no longer live in self-contained Christian communities. They must be able to hold their own in the face of strong forces playing upon them. Although Moslems as yet constitute only five per cent of Uganda's population. Mohammedanism is regarded as an African religion, not a foreign importation like Christianity, and fits in readily with the patterns of polygamy found in many parts of Africa. And behind the scenes there is the grave danger of Communism, playing upon racial tensions, exploiting the legitimate aspirations of the people. What happens in Johannesburg reverberates through the whole of Africa—Communism and nationalism awaken a response in the entire continent. There is particular danger from the vocal minority of the half-educated—those who have taken on a veneer of European culture, enough to separate them from tribal society without winning for them acceptance into European circles. Belonging nowhere, they become restless, discontented, bitter, and fall an easy prey to political agitators.

In the midst of all these contending forces, African Catholics must do more than hold their own; they must take the initiative, they must penetrate the society around them. There is general agreement that the future growth of the Church in Africa depends in large measure upon the development of a mature, well-informed laity. Uganda today is the seedbed. It may well set a pattern for the whole continent of a Church fully Catholic, fully mature, and fully African. That is one of the great hopes for Africa and for the world.

Reforms Are In Order

THEY pulled Mike Brogan out of the water off Pier 32 the other day. The body was badly decomposed after three weeks in the North River.

Mike, an assistant hiring boss on the pier, had been an outspoken supporter of the new AFL longshoremen's union that is currently battling the mobs for control of the New York waterfront. He disappeared during the night of September 29th, shortly after supporters of the old corrupt union had unsuccessfully pressured him to sign a pledge of loyalty to that outfit. Pier 32, which has figured in a couple of murders over the past ten years, is under the control of Albert Ackalitis, ex-convict and promising young mobster.

There were no marks of violence on the body and Mike's brother Joe scoffed at the idea of foul play. The coroner said there was evidence Brogan had been drinking but I, for one, cannot help having my suspicions about his convenient disappearance.

The AFL is concentrating its firepower on the New York docks, with the hope that once the grip of the mobs has been broken there, it will be a simple thing to loosen it in the outlying ports.

I think the AFL is going to make it. Six New York locals have swung over so far. One of these is 895, a West Side local led by members of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. Budd Schulberg did a fine piece on it in the September twenty-seventh *New York Times Magazine* entitled "How One Pier Got Rid of the Mob." The only thing missing in the piece was a little more credit to the ACTU (mistakenly called Association of Catholic Trade *Unions*), which nursed the reform movement in this local from the time it was a baby back in 1945.

Schulberg pays a deserved tribute to "stocky, 30-year-old, dead-square and dead-game John Dwyer," the standout leader of the local. Dwyer is now general organizer and co-chairman of the AFL union's organizing committee in the Port of New York.

Terror, such as that suggested by the floating body of Mike Brogan, is his principal opponent. For that reason it looked as though it might be a tough proposition to sign up thirty per cent of the men. This is the percentage necessary for a union to force an election. However, even the Taft-Hartley Act sometimes helps those who help themselves. The Act provides that the signatures of only ten per cent are necessary if

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the petition for an election is filed by the employers. And this the New York Shipping Association has now done. Caught in a squeeze between the two unions, the Association is anxious to see a vote decide the thing one way or the other before the eighty-day no-strike injunction expires on Christmas Day.

And so a vote will be held. The danger is that it may be held too soon, before Dwyer and his boys have had a chance to break through the curtain of terror set up by the Ackalitises and Anastasias and to reach the nucleus of scared, decent longshoremen.

AS if the scandal of labor racketeering on the docks were not bad enough, we now have reminders of the Joe Fay scandal in the construction unions of New York and New Jersey a decade ago (Fay was an international vice-president of the Operating Engineers, AFL)—a scandal whose smell still lingers on in these unions. Not to mention the Raceway scandals centering around the murdered labor leader Tommy Lewis (Building Service Employeees, AFL) at Yonkers and the indicted labor leader William DeKoning (also Operating Engineers) on Long Island. Nor to mention the scandal of Orville Ring, another indicted labor leader of Kansas City, this time from the AFL Teamsters, and the scandal of six more indicted Teamster officials in two local unions in Detroit.

At this time it is appropriate, and a little ironic, that we should have a proposal from from Louis Waldman, attorney for Joe Ryan, fading president of the old ILA, that the AFL should set up a code of ethics for union officials. Actually, Waldman made this suggestion before the AFL threw Ryan and the whole gang out of the Saint Louis convention.

Waldman is a curious character. He was once a crusading Socialist attorney. Over the years he drifted to the right and eventually tied up with Ryan and Company. The crusade had become slightly tarnished. In early September, however, a flash of the old idealism returned. He resigned as attorney for the wage policy committee of the ILA because of "a belief that criminals in the Port of New York had seized control of the committee and were promoting a strike as an instrument of defiance against the waterfront reform laws adopted by the New York and New Jersey legislature."

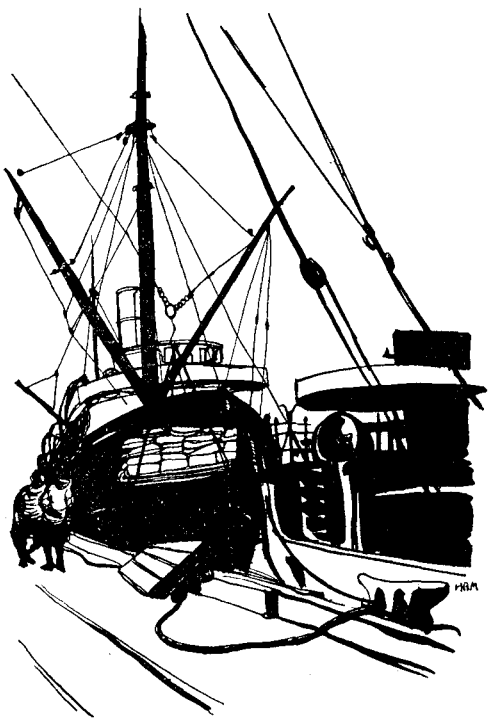
Better late than never, even though Louis has retained his retainer from Ryan and the national ILA. At any rate, if anybody should know about labor racketeering from the inside, Waldman should. And he demonstrated that knowledge in his proposal to the AFL convention. He asked the AFL to take a stand on the following points:

1. Investment by union officials in businesses dealing with their own unions. (Fay in jail is still an officer of at least one New Jersey contracting company. ILA officials have similar tie-ups.)

2. Participation for profit by union officials or their families in the writing of union welfare insurance or other "such lucrative businesses." (Part of the scandal of Tommy Lewis was the appointment of his wife as an official of the company that handled the insurance for his union members, at a very nice fee.)

3. Holding of union office by person with criminal records (an ILA specialty).

4. Meaning of such phrases as "conduct unbecoming a trade union officer or member," which frequently appear in union constitutions but are seldom defined.



5. Minimum standards of decency for conducting union elections, financial affairs or disciplinary trials.

6. Receipt by union officers of "goodwill" gifts from employers (another ILA specialty).

7. Encouragement of wildcat strikes.

THESE are all very sensible suggestions. Speaking at the AFL convention President George Meany, in apparent answer, said: "We don't need any bible of trade union ethics. We know the purpose of our movement. We have the God-given intelligence to know right from wrong, and we can apply that intelligence under the rules of this organization."

Hmmmmm. Meany has shown refreshing vigor in dealing with Ryan and the ILA. But he himself used to say kind words for Fay, an old friend. He visited Fay several times in prison, which may have been a Christian work of mercy. But Meany would have to admit, as a minimum, that it is easy even for honest

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labor leaders to get confused on the subject of "honest graft."

It is hard, indeed, to take advice from Louis Waldman, but if George Meany and the AFL want to cut out this gangrene of racketeering they will not be content with one grandstand play on the New York docks. They will do something along the lines Waldman suggests: set up a standard of decency in the conduct of union office and enforce it. That way they will be able to stop the infection before it has had a chance to poison a whole international union, as it did in the case of the dying (we hope) International Longshoremen's Association.

A STRIKE WE SHOULD AGREE ON

EVERY now and then readers or friends write me about a strike that they think deserves a little play in these pages. So I give it a play and this usually leads to trouble. People who disagree write me letters or sick the editor on me. And this is as it should be. You should be painfully fair in whatever you write about a strike.

I think this is a strike we should all agree on. On October twelfth some twelve hundred sugar-cane workers members of the National Agricultural Workers Union, AFL, struck for union recognition against twenty-three corporations operating "factories in the field" in southern Louisiana. Hank Hasiwar, a vice-president of the union, wrote me some months ago asking me to do a piece on his sugar-cane workers, whose wages and working conditions have already been boldly denounced in the Jesuit magazine *America*. Wages are, on almost all the plantations, a top of $4.05 for a nine-hour day for tractor drivers and operators of mechanical equipment, and $3.40 per nine-hour day for field laborers. Frankly, I didn't realize that grown men, with families, were still getting that kind of starvation money in America.

It is true the workers get free housing, but this is too often of the kind in which, as one worker put it, "it rains inside as well as outside."

The plantation owners' reaction to union organization was simple. They just plain refused to deal with it. They said that federal law and Louisiana law do not protect the right of agricultural workers to join a union (true, and lamentable) and therefore that law is opposed to their joining such a union (untrue, and ridiculous).

Hasiwar thought they would have to strike. I haven't heard from him since, but I heard about the strike. And I heard, with pleasure, of the statement of the Catholic Committee of the South quoting Pope Pius XI that denial of the right to organize is "criminal injustice."

JOHN C. CORT.

THE STAGE

THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON

THERE is something immensely winning about the fragile charm of the Oriental fable at the Martin Beck. It is a pleasure which goes deeper than the merely decorative or pictorial—one's satisfaction in the delicate pastel coloring and elegance of line which dominate the stage picture of "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Rather, it is perhaps surprise at hearing again the illusory echo of innocence, the note of *et in Arcadia ego* sounding in this Okinawan air.

Mr. John Patrick, who adapted Vern Sneider's novel to the stage, has courted and snared this quality of innocence very shrewdly. Peter Larkin has caught it in his settings, Robert Lewis in his direction, and especially David Wayne in the subtle gaucherie of his performance. One reads it in the bland air of fantasy which encloses "The Teahouse," the folklorish silhouette of its characters, and above all in the charming spectacle of these shining, healthy, conquering American males going down to defeat at the hands of their sly and civilized Oriental victims. No one is villainous, no one ill-willed: when "the system" does finally abolish the beloved teahouse, it is only a temporary, melancholy feint, and the lovely structure of crystal and teakwood and rippling water is magically put together again before our eyes.

To so wilfully sustain an illusion inevitably involves sacrifice, but "The Teahouse of the August Moon" cheerfully pays the price. Rather too cheerfully, indeed: the situation is so joyously surrendered to comedy, and every trace of asperity so thoroughly erased, that the play concludes by compounding unreality. And in the face of so much seductive beauty, it cannot be unnecessary to assert again, quietly, that the pleasures of "The Teahouse of the August Moon"—all these devious and blandishing ways by which innocence has been translated into a commodity—have little to do with the proper or salutary virtues of dramatic art. With that distinction made, one is free to enjoy what is here freely given. It is true that Mr. Patrick and his indispensable companions have agreeably accomplished a hit, but in that achievement there is the substance of irony as well as celebration. (*At the Martin Beck.*)

THE FROGS OF SPRING

MR. Nathaniel Benchley chooses to regard life from what can only be called a cockeyed angle, but his impressions—lately on view in "The Frogs of

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Spring"—regrettably failed to please. There can be little point at this date in dispatching more than the conventional bread-and-butter note, but gratitude must nonetheless be registered for an evening of larkish fancy and great good spirits.

The urban sophistries of Mr. Benchley's *New Yorker* sketches were seen mostly through an alcoholic haze, and they had, consequently, a magnificently clownish aspect of the bizarre and irrelevant. True, the antic hay was draped on a rather dehydrated Madison Avenue tree, a fact the local critics were at distinguished pains to emphasize. It is singular that the suddenly vigilant members of this fraternity were not at all disturbed by the genial distortions of "The Teahouse," but in a rash of highmindedness decided that Mr. Benchley must be brought to heel. I remain, however, happily unregenerate: no amount of critical faulting can alter my conviction that "The Frogs of Spring" was a play of spirited wit and unexpected wisdom, exuberantly played, and unquestionably deserving of a more generous reception. (*Closed at the Broadhurst.*)

GENTLY DOES IT

FAULTY gas grates, sentimental widows, desolate Yorkshire moors and cheeky young psychopaths: what would our decorous English gentlewomen do without them, off in their corners of the vicarage, quietly brewing cups of tea and homicide? Miss Janet Green, a country cousin, passes the cucumber sandwiches with admirable aplomb, and quite livens up the proceedings with her introduction of a shrewd and obstreperous Cockney barmaid, raucously played by Brenda Bruce. A lump too much sugar perhaps, and rather a lot of cream, but as her third act shows, Miss Green still has a surprise or two under the tea cosy. (*At the Playhouse.*)

A GIRL CAN TELL

MR. F. Hugh Herbert, who kisses and then, drearily, tells, is here preoccupied with the osculatory saga of a modern Penelope and her suitors. Each of these appears to have had some degree of success, but there is, intolerably, no Ulysses to make a fortuitous appearance at the end and shoot them dead. All of this is played out in monochromatic remembrance against a background of scrim curtains painted with the mementoes of what seems to have been a perfectly sordid past. "I guess every girl has to cross her Rubicon," sighs the witless daughter of Mr. Herbert's witless heroine at one point. Quite, but so does every audience. (*At the Royale.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

I TROW

YOU'LL trow too when you see the happy combination of Cole Porter and William Shakespeare in "Kiss Me Kate." This backstage movie, about a group of people doing a musical version of "The Taming of the Shrew," is more Porter than Shakespeare; but Jack Cummings has given the film such a handsome production in Ansco Color (particularly effective in the play-within-the-play), and George Sidney has directed the whole proceedings with such zip that there's little time to concentrate on the thinness of the plot. Although Dorothy Kingsley has done a good job in writing the screenplay from the original by Samuel and Bella Spewack, she can't quite cover up the fact that the story has almost nothing to say; and unfortunately Hollywood's tendency to blow everything up into a new colossus (the stage was pleasantly unpretentious) makes the story's emptiness even more apparent.

It is mainly the production numbers and Cole Porter's good songs put over so well by this bright cast that keep humor high throughout "Kiss Me Kate." Kathryn Grayson, stunning in a red wig as Kate and with blond tresses as the modern shrew, puts her all into the "I Hate Men" song and handles her duets with Howard Keel, like "So in Love" and the delightfully satirical "Wunderbar," in fine voice. Keel outdoes himself in this his best picture to date, and shows a flair for comedy and a style he has only hinted at in his earlier films. In the plot's second romance, Ann Miller and Tommy Rall sparkle through such lively Porter as "Why Can't You Behave?" and "Always True to You in My Fashion." Although Rall is somewhat static in his acting, his dancing is superb. And the supporting cast in "Kiss Me Kate," is excellent throughout. And in one scene toward the end of the movie, Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore, who had been giving rather routine performances as gangsters, suddenly steal the show with their hilarious mixture of sixteenth and twentieth century verbiage in the song and dance "Brush Up Your Shakespeare."

M-G-M is releasing this film in both 3-D and flat versions. Since I saw both, I must say that I preferred the flat, large-screen style. 3-D failed to add much. The jokes and lyrics in "Kiss Me Kate" are on the sophisticated side—not for audiences easily shocked. But to the worldly-wise, I can only say: get thee to the movie.

IN "Paratrooper," which was made in England, Alan Ladd walks, flies and jumps through his role

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hardly moving a muscle on his handsome pan. The picture has some excellent shots of the hardships these hand-picked men go through in camp and in war, but its plot is both silly and out-of-date. In spite of the efforts of the hard-working cast, which also includes Leo Genn and Susan Stephen, "Paratrooper" is little more than an old-fashioned war film about a poor, mixed-up kid who's awfully proud of his bravery.

IF you're a glutton for punishment and can't resist the sea, you can get all you want of it in "All the Brothers Were Valiant" in which the good brother (Robert Taylor) goes chasing after the bad one (Stewart Granger) who deserted his ship under very peculiar circumstances in the South Seas. Betta St. John and a lot of pearls had something to do with these circumstances. As if all this were not complicated enough, the good brother has taken his bride (Ann Blyth) along on this voyage, and for reasons not made entirely clear this pretty girl is forced to choose between her husband and brother-in-law. Further decorating all this melodrama are a lot of native characters, mutinous sailors, New England citizens of 1857, waves and whales. Thar she blows.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

BOOKS

Mr. Connolly in The Wasteland

JEAN HOLZHAUER

"If material life could be made perfect, as (in a very small way) it was perhaps for a moment among the Greeks, would not that of itself be a most admirable achievement? . . . And possibly on that basis of perfect material life, a new art and philosophy would grow unawares, not similar to what we call by those names, but having the same relation to the life beneath which art and philosophy among us ought to have had, but never have had. You see, I am content to let the past bury its dead. It does not seem to me that we can impose on America the task of imitating Europe."
—George Santayana, letter to Logan Pearsall Smith, 1921.

THE amorphous idea of a new art and philosophy, somehow to become incarnate in the bustle and the clichés of American life, has occurred to many other than Santayana, and on both sides of the Atlantic. Almost as some part of "the American dream," from the days of the Pilgrims and the pioneers, it has itself achieved the nature of a cliché; it has never been realized. Like the ghost of Hamlet's father, " 'tis here . . . 'tis here. . . . No, 'tis here!," in formless suggestion, at Valley Forge, in the hopes of Tom Paine, in Poor Richard, at Monticello, in the lives of the Hawthornes and Peabodys, with Bronson Alcott and Thoreau, in the rise and stratification of Boston, with the homesteaders, the gold rush, under the lilacs blooming late in the dooryard, stopping by woods on a snowy evening. Winslow Homer, Morris Graves and Grandma Moses, Henry Adams and Carl Sandburg, the James family, Faulkner, Robert Maynard Hutchins, Franklin Roosevelt, Jane Addams and Lincoln Steffens, Samuel Gompers, Thomas Edison, the Wright brothers and Charles Lindbergh, Hollywood and the TV studios—" 'tis here. . . . 'tis here. . . . 'tis gone."

It is gone, yet so often is it almost palpable, almost fixed, that like the idea of God in primitive societies, it seems too real, after all, to be merely idea, too persistent not to have an existence of its own. It is most often expressed in political or economic or social terms: "A chicken in every pot," "The March of Science"; "Gracious Living"; between the idea and the reality falls not only the shadow but the concrete blockbuster of goals wholly material, concerns wholly pragmatic. Where are the new art and philosophy? Where the new expression to bear "the same relation to the life beneath which art and philosophy among us ought to have had?" Disembodied, surely; but constantly tantalizing, constantly almost evoked by, among other things, those very voices which deny their possibility.

In *Ideas and Places,* [Harper, $3.50] a collection of editorials and articles from his now defunct magazine, *Horizon,* Mr. Cyril Connolly gives passing recognition to the dream by including the above quotation from Santayana, appropriately, as preface to his most stimulating essay, "American Injection." In this account of his tour of the United States in 1947, he rises to considerable heights in his estimate of the New York scene, W. H. Auden's obsession with and retreat from the mechanical world, Aldous Huxley's west coast achievement of benign serenity, and his own feeling about American life as he sees it—on the surface so various, so healthy and attractive, yet suppurating by-products like the legions of elegant and unwanted "moms," the husbands drudging for forty years in offices while the divorced wives play bridge together and the children drift apart, the alcoholism, the mass reliance on psychiatry.

There is nothing especially new in Mr. Connolly's insights, but he brings to them a certain vigor and freshness perhaps borrowed from the tempo of Americanism which, for the span of a visit, engulfs him.

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In the end, he concludes, nothing is impossible in New York except to write well, and he longs for the familiar, moribund society of London, "where nothing stirs but the soul."

THE American reader, even the American writer, will protest that these are half-truths; give us time, it is not quite like this, something is yet to come. Yet, perhaps because he is dealing in this essay with a compelling idea, some shape of the compulsion survives, a vitality carries over. One is sorry that in the rest of his book Mr. Connolly does not turn more attention to the possibility suggested by Santayana, and that in so many of the other articles he relapses into a sour and common castigation of modern society as wasteland, a kind of coterie pleading which seems bent on divorcing creative artists as Mr. Connolly knows them from the rest of the human, creative race. ("One advantage of being a humanist editor is that one can print articles by both Catholics and Communists without necessarily agreeing with a word they say, but out of a general reverence for the human intelligence—a courtesy they can seldom return." . . . "The award of the Nobel prize to André Gide just after his seventy-eighth birthday is one of the few strokes of felicity in this miserable year." . . . "With this number *Horizon* completes its fifth year; it has survived five years of boredom and destruction—of the general deterioration of humanity.")

"On looking back," writes Mr. Connolly in his introduction to the present book, "I think that perhaps I was a little crazy and that the idea of decadence hugged and haunted me as if I were some Hebrew prophet." On the evidence of *Ideas and Places,* it is impossible not to agree, not to go farther and find evidence of decadence in the author's own work ("Letter from a Civilian"; "In Jugular Vein"; "Viva la Muerte!"). It was a suspicion of *Horizon* often voiced; yet *Horizon* was an excellent literary magazine, partly because of, partly in spite of, its editor.

Right or wrong, Mr. Connolly would impose the task of imitating Europe not only on America but on England—and of imitating a Europe now vanished into its final Edwardian glow of *belles lettres,* leisure for single-minded dedication to ends wholly aesthetic. *Horizon* was often criticized, he notes, especially by Catholic and Communist camps, as being too esoteric, too removed from the common experience of its times. Such criticism understandably left the editors smarting with antagonism not only for the critics but for the times; resentment here seethes in every page. Art for art's sake is what matters, Mr. Connolly contends, and if perhaps one would not so much take issue with the thesis, one must at least regret the slant and pugnacity of its presentation.

"AMERICAN Injection" testifies that the author once saw the cultural gap between artist and masses diminish. Oddly, it was in the pages of *Time, Life* and *The New Yorker* where he saw it. ("Thurber's drawings, Hersey's *Hiroshima,* the essays of Edmund Wilson or Mary McCarthy, *Time's* anonymous reviews, show that occasionally the gap *is* closed; when it is closed permanently the dream of Santayana will be near fulfillment.") Yet one finally feels that whatever his solicitude in the matter, Mr. Connolly himself has widened instead of narrowed the rift. And then, of course, it is impossible not to like him, even to admire him, rather backhandedly, for his paradoxical, intransigent stand.

In a recent interview with the *New York Times,* Miss Lucile Watson remarked, ". . . you must understand, I was never aura-eyed about the theater . . . I think the theater is good, hard, sordid work. It's brought me . . . satisfaction, but not any more than if I'd sewn a fine seam."

In 1948, in a letter to V. S. Pritchett and Elizabeth Bowen, Graham Greene wrote, ". . . there are certain human duties which I [as artist] owe [to society] in common with the greengrocer and the clerk—that of supporting my family, if I have a family, etc. . . . These are our primitive duties as human beings. In spite of the fashionable evidence of Gauguin, I would say that if we do less than these, we are so much the less human beings and therefore so much the less likely to be artists."

To quote from artists not quite, themselves, top rank seems irrelevant; but these words, though they may breathe no fire of genius, ring somehow truer on the ear than any amount of censure to society, of caviling that the times are out of joint because they offer no easy berth, no wide, receptive public for the creative mind. The ancestry of inspiration indicates that the easy berth is precisely what genius must not expect, and that the receptive public must be reached —must often, indeed, be created—not by invective and withdrawal, but by expansion, willingness to give, by—in Mr. Connolly's own term—a real humanism. This implies no compromise of artistic integrity; it implies honesty. Perhaps, as Mr. Connolly suggests, he was in the *Horizon* days "a little crazy" with the idea of decadence. The artist is more hindered than helped by partisan efforts to make a whipping boy of the public, and such efforts vitiate the impact of a book sometimes clever, forceful and illuminating, but only peripherally profound.

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A Look at American Culture

HEROES, HIGHBROWS AND THE POPULAR MIND. By Leo Gurko. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

By JOHN P. SISK

DR. Gurko's book is another attempt to explain the American to himself in all his complexities, divisions, confusions and delusions to the end that he may achieve "an adult response to the dilemmas of the age." The book, according to the publisher, is addressed to highbrow and lowbrow alike. If this is true it is certainly misdirected: the highbrows have read it all before while the lowbrows, with their protective instinct against books of this kind, will not read it at all. My guess is that it will be received most sympathetically by those who read with approving attention the editorials and essays in *Life,* make what "brow" of them you will.

Not that what Dr. Gurko has to say is especially flattering to this group. He is talking about it too when he says that myths befog us, trashy reading and entertainment coarsen us, material things distract us, prejudice and snobbery divide us, Hollywood and advertising exploit us and false prophets grow fat off us. But the *Life*-editorial audience will find itself chastised in comfortably familiar terms and will be cheered to learn not only that the highbrows too have their failings but that Americans are on the whole moving "towards the full realization of the democratic premise."

I suppose nearly every writer is tempted sometime to write such a panoramic assessment of his milieu: it is a way of taking stock of himself. But for most writers the mere thought of the mass of detail that must be organized works against the temptation like a visitation of grace. Dr. Gurko was tempted and fell and he has not, as a check of his seven page index will indicate, scanted the detail. It must be conceded that he manages to make a rather clear picture out of it all and to identify as expendable much nonsense, particularly about artists and intellectuals.

But too much of the material is oversimplified in the interest of the clear picture. This is of course a common fault when one sets out to explain the popular mind to itself, whether in a book or on a lecture platform: the explicator fears that unless he ascends to an altitude where salient features stand out sharply there will be no pattern at all. Here the usefulness of reading the terrain in terms of sharp contrasts leads Dr. Gurko to present inadequately, for instance, such writers as T. S. Eliot, R. P. Warren, Henry James, Gertrude Stein, E. E. Cummings and Iddings Bell and to do a good deal less than justice to the New Humanists, the New Critics, the Great Books Program and the struggle between reason and intuition in American life. The latter subject is handled in a twenty-three page chapter. It can't be done that briefly, at least not in Dr. Gurko's terms.

This, then, is a low-pressure, anonymously styled book, as have been so many of its predecessors in the same category. Perhaps the energy expended in research and organization leaves all but the most intense and creative writers half fatigued before they start. Panoramic criticism of this kind needs a Huxley, a Barzun, a Dawson or an Ortega. In the hands of lesser men the subject tends to get treated topographically, without real depth of vision.

But what one misses most in this book is what in Canon Bell's more satisfactory *Crowd Culture* is an integrating fourth dimension: "a perception of reality deeper than that which sensory observation reveals." Dr. Gurko is aware of this dimension but his grasp of it is uncertain, so that once one gets below the surface of his book the picture is not nearly so clear. This is because of his secular-enlightenment angle of vision, which, I should think, has been demonstrated by now to be a singularly unenlightening one. It is not hard to see that from this angle of vision Canon Bell and T. S. Eliot read the situation in a disturbing way.

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World-View

THE BIG PICTURE. By David Cort. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THE knowledge of our time is peculiarly hostile to synthesis. A short century ago, Kant could incorporate the Newtonian physics into a philosophy which he believed to be universal and timeless. Today, the number of philosophers who are able to make use of quantum theory and relativity is small, isolated, sometimes sectarian. Knowledge has proliferated so much in the last fifty years that the very possibility of an approximate unity seems to have disappeared. One thinks of the Manhattan Project where, for security reasons and because of the very vastness of the work, two teams could be puzzling over the same problem and never be aware of each other.

David Cort is painfully aware of this predicament. In his readable, journalistic style, he would refer to it as the lack of The Big Picture. And he sets himself the task of making an attempt at synthesis.

It is necessary to report that he fails—almost inevitably, I should think—and yet also necessary to say that it is an effort well worth the making.

The failure is because Mr. Cort does not assimilate the pertinent data from the many branches of science—I wonder if anyone could. In some areas, Mr. Cort is more competent than in others, although he is always highly readable. The result is an unevenness of content. Thus he can write, "Feudalism was simply local organization for local survival." And a little later, " . . . feudalism was primarily the answer by the men of the forest to the men of the sea." Statements such as these are highly questionable, and without documentation they will necessarily strike the reader as simplifications or worse.

Yet I think Mr. Cort realizes that man, limited as he is by the state of his knowledge and his economy, yet maintains a basic continuity and expresses certain truths over and above the particular data of his time. He writes in cosmic terms: chapters are headed "Bedlam," "Man," "Love," and so forth. And though the execution fails because of the very vastness of the subject, it is good that Mr. Cort has reminded us that these are terms which are always relevant.

For the Young

BRITANNICA JUNIOR: The Boys' and Girls' Encyclopaedia. Prepared Under the Supervision of the Editors of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. 15 Vols. $110.

By JAMES O'GARA

THESE encyclopaedists waste no time in getting right into things. On page one of Volume I of the *Britannica Junior,* you can discover that an Aardvark (*ard' vark*) is an earth pig of Africa, also known as an anteater, and that an Aardwolf (*ard'wulf*) is a night-prowling, flesh-eating mammal of S. and E. Africa which is hyena-like in appearance and habits and prefers as

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its chief food small dead animals and insects.

Lest such information seem impractical, since there is a noticeable absence of both the aardvark and the aardwolf in most American neighborhoods, it is only fair to point out that the *Britannica Junior* goes on from these somewhat esoteric creatures to more commonly encountered subjects about which questions are reasonably likely to arise. Thus in my case a holiday expedition produced nary an aardvark, but it did lead to numerous questions about clams, crabs and jellyfish, questions I was able to answer only by consulting the encyclopaedia. The *Britannica Junior* is really designed for grade and junior high-school readers, but the hard-pressed parent is likely to resort to it often enough.

Primarily, however, this set is intended for use by children to supplement their work in school. Prepared under the general supervision of the editors of the *Enclopaedia Britannica,* it is not simply boiled-down material from the adult version but was specially planned for children, with the advice and consultation of the faculties of the University of Chicago and the University Laboratory School. In the fifteen volumes there are over six thousand pages, containing more than three thousand articles, written by five hundred contributors who have between them produced just short of four million words. Seven thousand illustrations accompany the text, more than one thousand of them in four colors. There are in addition some five hundred maps. An atlas is included in the last volume, and the first volume contains a handy Ready-Reference Index, with more than fifty thousand references. All in all, the *Britannica Junior* adds up to a nice piece of work.

ALL ALONE. By Claire Huchet Bishop. Illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. Viking. $2.50.

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REVIEWERS

Jean Holzhauer is a regular contributor to this magazine.

John P. Sisk is a member of the English department at Gonzaga University.

Michael Harrington is organizational director of the Workers' Defense League in New York City.

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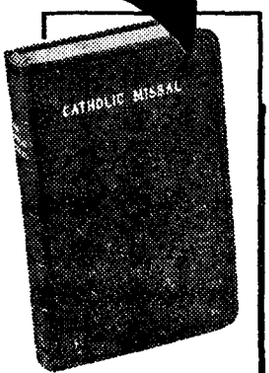

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Passport to Children's Lands

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

DURING my last trip abroad I wanted to get an idea of what has been done in the field of children's books since the end of World War II. I wanted to observe the tempo, the direction, the atmosphere to which, through books, children are exposed outside the United States. We know what Johnny is looking at, but do we know what Giovanni, Jean, Ivan, Hans, are looking at?

It is fitting to start with France since for about thirty years she has been in the lead with constant

From "Tommy and Dee-Dee" (Oxford)

invention and the most artistic creations. But now the aftermath of the war is still deeply felt: paper, print, high cost of production, and also, a certain mental weariness. However, the very difficulty of publishing de luxe editions may have stimulated a more interesting production of cheaper editions. This is all to the good since the French public seems to be much more aware of the importance of children's books than it was before. If the good will of publishers in that respect equaled their knowledge of the job it would be splendid, but except for a few, they have a long way to go to match the achievements of American juvenile editors.

Among other things, the French children's book market suffers generally from "collections." It is practically impossible to sell a book which does not fit into a collection. People come to rely entirely on "collections," and in turn publishers put all their efforts in them. It is a vicious circle, quite deadly.

When I asked if there was anything new, I was promptly put in my place: "One should not look for something new. It is enough to look for something good." I did. I was struck by the quieter tempo than in the United States, the absence of sensationalism. These books do not want to astonish or convince. Authors and illustrators just want to sing their own songs. And it is their very own, considering the variety of fantasy and creativeness which is still there, not as profusely as before the last war, yet abundant enough for rejoicing.

Few creations are as exquisite as *Dans le Pré* of Marguerite Soleillant and Françoise Estachy. The whole make-up of *Légendes dorées du Grand Saint Martin* is outstanding; so is the text by J. M. Rougé and the Epinal-like pictures of Paule Richon and Suzanne Bruneau. Fresh designs by Natalie Parain illustrate two remarkable stories by Marcel Aymé, *Le problème* and *Les Chiens*. Jacqueline Duhem improvises with pen and ink in *L'arbre Tic-Tac* by Claude Aveline. Jacques Ferrand boldly exaggerates lines and colors and gives us an arresting presentation of over fifty *Fables de la Fontaine*, whereas in *La Fileuse de Lune* he reveals himself as an artist who knows the value of restraint and simplicity. Elie Lascaux's surprising checked-drawings vie with author Jean Tardieu's text to teach the multiplication table without tears in *Il etait une fois, deux fois, trois fois*. Elsie Millon in *Rose de Noel* charms us with the keenness of her observations.

Many more could be cited, but these few give us an idea of what can be put in the hands of the French child of today as far as new picture books are concerned. Books with style, finesse, originality—restful books in their inventiveness and beauty.

ITALY comes to us with the enchanting trick books and *collages* of Bruno Munari. The New York

Mrs. Bishop is herself a well known author of children's books. She was aided in preparing the children's book list by Ernestine Evans.

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Public Library had a remarkable exhibit of his work displayed in the Central Children's Room during the whole summer.

Trick books are not new. The latter part of the nineteenth century saw many of them. Children delighted in pulling, up and down, a small piece of cardboard inserted between illustrated pages and by so doing, watch Jack go up the Beanstalk and the Ogre brandish his knife.

But Mr. Munari's vision is entirely fresh, both pictures and tricks. Even if nothing could be "done" with the book, if it were not a trick book, it would stand on its own for its artistic quality. Nothing fussy or hesitant about Mr. Munari's art. Everything drawn as if with one movement of the hand. And such a sweep! Beautiful, perfect shapes in their bold simplicity, full of life, singing through clear unequivocal colors on pages where space is part of a rhythmical pattern. As to the trick itself, it is always a surprise. Here is *Toc Toc, chi e? Apri la porta.* The "door" is an extra tiny page on the page. You open it . . . and there is a zebra with a suitcase. And what is in the suitcase? Open it. And there is a lion. In *Mai contenti* there is an elephant. What is he thinking about? Open his head, and what do you see? A bird. The elephant wants to be a bird. And the bird? Open his head. And so on. And, at the very end, the cow? She wants to be an elephant! We are right back where we were before. *Vanitas vanitatum.* Whimsical humor which views human foibles with a clear but indulgent eye; gentle and profound wisdom to be discovered by the children themselves as they turn the pages.

Mr. Munari is a painter and a sculptor with an unerring poetic instinct which seizes the inner song of everything and expresses it not only with lines, shapes, colors and volumes, but also with words.

Since the end of the last war, the Italians have also given us an amusing fantasy by the poet Buzzati. *La famosa invasione degli orsi in Sicilia,* known to us as "The Bears' Famous Invasion of Sicily." It is very amusing, with a bit of satirical humor in it. So has the more sophisticated edition of Aesop's fables, *Favole di Esopo,* with Fulvio Bianconi's very original drawings.

If the new Italian books were confined to the above mentioned works, they would still make an outstanding contribution to children's literature—full of talent, imagination, poetical feelings and human understanding, and far-removed from sentimentality.

GERMANY: I was unprepared for what I found. From times past I had remembered naive and jovial books, with home-like intimacy and many imaginary but friendly beings. But the books I had the opportunity to see on this trip were rather depressing.

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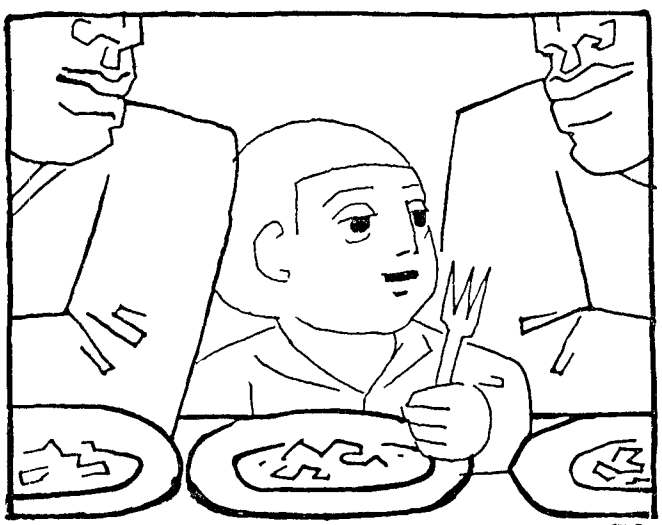
They were filled not only with the traditional folklorish dwarfs, elves and the like, but with grotesque beings, displaying, sometimes, unabashed brutality and cruelty. These creations are full of vitality. They do not seem a bit tired and go slushing forcefully through a mire of blood, bordered with campaniles. Whether this expression of an unhealthy state of mind is temporary, I have no way of knowing. But I get little comfort from thinking that German children look at these books.

The picture books which do not belong to this fantastic world are few and do not show much creativeness. *Das Bilderbuch vom Brot,* by Annelise Vogt and Willi Dix, is carefully planned, but the colors are sad and so are those of *Das Loch in der Hose,* by Frans Haacken, which uses a tear in a little boy's pants as an opportunity for teaching children the whole process of manufacturing thread.



From "... And Now Miguel" (Crowell)

A happier note is struck with *Wir Fahren-Wir Fahren,* by Hanna Schachenmeir, illustrated by Gottfried Eisenhut. The greatest charm of the pictures lies in details. There is no end to your discoveries. You think you have seen everything, but no, you have not. The accompanying verses are simple and gay.

The masterpiece of the German books is *Die Konferenz der Tiere* by Erich Kastner, based on an idea by Jella Lepman and illustrated by Walter Trier. Thanks to the version of David McKay we have an English edition of this memorable creation. Here is a book for the whole family to enjoy, laugh about and ponder. A book for all the families of all the earth, regardless of race, class or political allegiance. The animals get tired of the numerous useless peace meetings held by men. The animals decide to take over. They do and, finally, compel men to make peace. How? That's what the book is about. It is bursting with fun, humor and wisdom. Walter Trier's well-known and irresistible talent has contributed hilarious pictures. I nominate *The Animals' Conference* for the Nobel prize!

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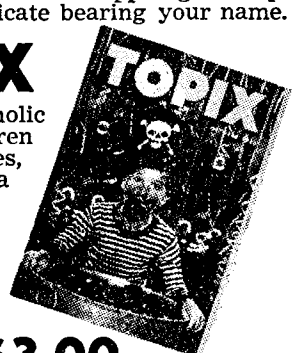

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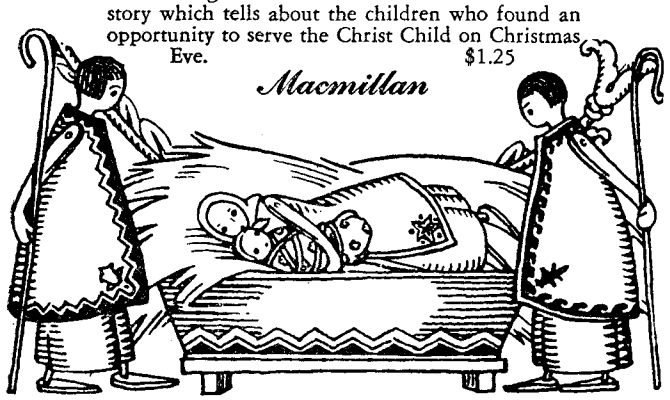

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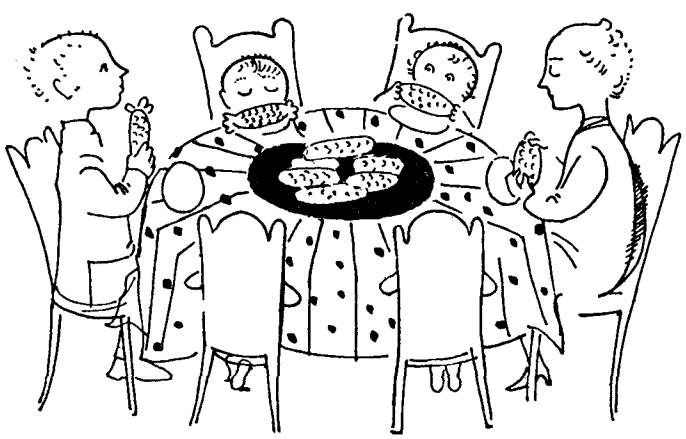
Funds for $5 food packages for the Clinic's "Adopt-a-Family" program, and donations of any amount, may be sent to: War Relief Services, National Catholic Welfare Conference, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Besides picture books, post-war Germany has contributed two outstanding books for older boys and girls. Both are available to the American readers through English translations. The *Ark* by Margot Benary-Isbert and *Big Tiger and Christian* by Fritz Muhlenweg, illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. The plight of the German refugee family in *The Ark* is typically European. Of *Big Tiger and Christian,* Ernestine Evans said in last year's Commonweal Children's Book issue: "A book to read with a pounding and wondering heart."

So here we have three good German post-war books, three first class ones, in fact.

RUSSIA: What strikes me first is that Russian children's books are inexpensive looking, paper-bound, thin, humble, books of poor people. The general impression is pleasing but quiet. Nothing flashy about



From "Who Gave Us" (Pantheon)

them. They are old-fashioned too; hardly any modern technique. Colors are soft; even when brilliant they retain a sort of velvety quality. These unassuming little books surprise me by the blending of text and pictures. The artists seem to have an un-commercial approach to the subject. One never gets the feeling that they have filled in pages of a dummy. What they seem to have done is to re-live the story so completely, in terms of lines and colors, that what they give us are illustrations of the story from within.

There are many folktales retold, stories of animals and animated objects, gay and amusing stories of slovenly children, reprints of Gorki, Pushkin, Lermontov. Few adults are portrayed in these books, except for an occasional mother and a father. And I saw very little about machinery or scientific discoveries except in straight textbooks.

What might have been least expected is so much poetry. Poetry galore. For small, middle age or older children. Everything is a pretext to make verse.

Russian writers and artists have always had a cozy,

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intimate relationship with the child, without sentimentality but with a wealth of feeling. They are not childish but childlike. Effortlessly, they enter the child's world. Soviet writers are no exception. They too seem to have taken the child by the hand. They know what can interest him, move him and talk to him. Postwar Russian books have retained the touching quality of nearness from within.

Is there anything more appealing than the wounded toy-bear in *Igrooschki* by Barto and Ouschakova? Or the toy-horse watching over the little boy's sleep in *Loschadka* by Kvitko and Zakragevskaia? Marschak has two interesting works, one a retold folktale, *Dvenadtzat mesiatsev* with exquisite pictures by Lebedev, and a story-poem of a dove during the last war, *Golooboe. Moeedodir,* by Tchoukovsky and Ousbiakova, and *Devottchka schoomazaia,* by Barto and Ousbiakova, make gentle fun of a boy and a girl who hate to wash themselves, and there are stunning pictures of animals in *Zimovie zverei* by Gorlov.

This is the bright side. There is, of course, a certain amount of propaganda in some of these books. When there is a picture of a child holding a book, it is ten-to-one that it will be opened on a portrait of Lenin or Stalin, and if any interior is shown most likely one of the two pictures will be on a wall.

But the militant tone of some of these books is part of the process of setting before the young something to work for. Peace in the future is the dominant theme of Soviet Russia's children's books. A single theme like this inevitably becomes monotonous. However, as far as I know, no other children's literature matches this challenge which rings through Soviet children's books.

AMERICA: It is the fashion to talk about what others think of us. So what do they think when they see our children's books? The first inevitable, spontaneous comment is "My! What money these Americans have!" Even our children's books announce that we are among those "who have." They *look* rich. But, contrary to what one might think, they do not rate first in quantity. We average one thousand new titles a year. In 1951, the French output was fourteen hundred for a population of forty-eight million.

This is a year of outstanding documentaries, for all ages. Simple ones and advanced ones, extremely well presented typographically and artistically, and written often by top-notch people in their fields. American children are very lucky; they are, I believe, the only ones to have such treasures at their disposal. And editors and scientists should be congratulated who understand

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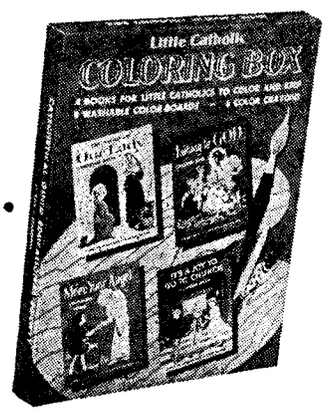

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Talking of Children's Books

we have just one new one this Fall

THE FIRST CATHOLICS

The Acts of the Apostles re-told for Children by Marigold Hunt

$2.75 at any bookstore

But we have something else that we think will please both the young who are given books for Christmas and the people who give them. This is a Supplement for Children which is folded into the Christmas number of THE TRUMPET. It is made up of extracts from children's books, because there is nothing in the world like reading a bit of a book to tell you what it's **really** like. To get Trumpet and Supplement, free and postpaid, write to Lucy MacGill,

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A dictionary makes a dandy present for a child. More than a book—it's an "open sesame" to the wonderful world of words; a magic key to knowledge and understanding and interpretation of life. It's a first step to wisdom; a picture book; a story book; a history, geography, grammar, speller. A dictionary is a school house on a desk; a teacher, guide, and "answer-man"; a springboard for the imagination, and a safe harbor of unvarnished truth. A dictionary is all things to a child, an awesome gift that will be appreciated and used for years, and years, and years.

IF YOU give a child a book for Christmas, give a good dictionary. For children 8 to 14, may we suggest Funk & Wagnalls **STANDARD JUNIOR DICTIONARY** ($3.00); for high school students we recommend Funk & Wagnalls **NEW COMPREHENSIVE STANDARD DICTIONARY** ($3.00 plain, $3.50 thumb-indexed), or Funk & Wagnalls **STUDENT'S STANDARD DICTIONARY** ($5.00 thumb-indexed.) And of course, the **UNABRIDGED** ($30), would be the ***summum bonum.*** At your bookstore.

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the children's needs and do not think it beneath them to write and publish those books.

On the other hand we have had a deluge of books about the history of this country, a sort of factory product turned out by the dozens, in which we seem so intent on proving ourselves to ourselves that we do not prove anything at all. Any youngster should be absolved ahead of time who, swallowing dutifully this historical fare, may yawn and remark: "O.K. We *were* wonderful. What next?"

That, indeed, is the question. What next? To get adjusted, to belong, to be popular, successful, happy? The number of stories which teach just these things is disturbing. If that is all the American children have to look forward to they must be bored before adulthood, or else they are hoodwinked into thinking that life is a series of excitements and success tricks.

Since inspiration for living does not come out of these recipes, but out of the heart's fullness with beauty and love for justice and truth, one turns to the fountain of these, which is, *par excellence,* poetry. And we find that we have very little of it this year. In fact, in the full output, just one little book. Let us hope this is only a temporary eclipse.

A very hopeful aspect of this year's crop, however, is the number of books on other peoples, especially Asiatic ones. Stories and pictures of boys and girls in India, Japan, China, Siam. Some of these books are outstanding.

It is also evident that a new slant has been taken in stories about American Indians. Tribute is paid in many books to their courage, fortitude and honesty, and, in some cases, their strong personalities.

Another hopeful sign is that we have many more stories of young children working, shouldering responsibilities which we would not have dreamed of letting them have a few years ago. The children's world is not so tightly shut off from adult work. Apparently some American writers have discovered that the nine-to-twelve-year-old can think of something else besides a "good time."

Finally it seems to me that the tone of the religious books is improving. They are slightly less sentimental, somewhat more accurate, a little more spiritual.

All in all, there are many new American Children's books this year which are worthwhile. There is a great deal of vitality and signs of new and fruitful trends. But we have to keep watching that we do not tell children that all things—objects, friends, virtue,—are simply a matter of techniques. This shallow philosophy is the undertone of many children's books, and no amount of pictures, excellent printing and binding will hide the fact that such books are nothing but merchandise. Maybe we should stop and wonder first whether we have anything to say. And maybe, by and by, the Muse will come back to us.

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CHILDREN'S BOOK LIST

I OTHER PEOPLE

Who gave us . . . Peacocks? Planes? & Ferris Wheels? By Madeleine Gekiere. Pantheon. $3.

All nations, past and present, have given us some of the objects which are most familiar to us. Madeleine Gekiere demonstrates this.

Tommy and Dee-Dee. By Yen Liang. Oxford. $1.50.

Tommy is the little American Boy, Dee-Dee is the little Chinese Boy. Simple and heartfelt.

The Village Tree. By Taro Yashima. Viking. $2.50.

What do little boys do in Japan? Mr. Yashima tells us with pictures and text full of poetical feeling.

Rain in the Winds: A Story of India. Story and pictures by Claire and George Louden. Scribners. $2.50.

The First Book of Israel. Written and illustrated by Nora Benjamin Kubie. Franklin Watts. $1.75.

Absorbing and easy reading, with lots of pictures of Israel.

The Mexican Story. By May McNeer. With lithographs by Lynd Ward. Ariel Books. $3.95.

The history of Mexico in a festive, picture-size book.

The Animals' Conference. By Erich Kastner. Based on an idea by Jella Leppman. Illustrated by Walter Trier. Translated by Zita de Schauensee. David McKay. $2.75.

The most intelligent, and certainly the funniest book about peace that I have read in a long time. Text and pictures are a riot. Talent, wit and common sense galore.

II PICTURE STORY BOOKS

The Steadfast Tin Soldier. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by M. R. James. Illustrated by Marcia Brown. Scribners. $2.25.

I never could hear or read this story without crying, and now, the perfect blending of Marcia Brown's pictures with the text brings back the old familiar tightening of the throat.

A Hero by Mistake. By Anita Brenner. Illustrated by Jean Charlot. William R. Scott. $2.

One of the outstanding picture books of 1953. The beautifully written text has a folk-tale quality and Charlot's deceptively simple line drawings are a joy.

The Duck. Photographs by Ylla. Story by Margaret Wise Brown. Harper. $2.50.

Photographer Ylla has no equal in my opinion. Margaret Wise Brown provided some simple poetical captions, thereby making a continuous story.

A Very Special House. By Ruth Krauss. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper. $1.75.

A joy of a book.

Willie Goes to School. Story and pictures by Pauline Vinson. Macmillan. $2.

The day of a five-year-old—only Willie is a mouse.

A Bear Named Grumms. By Bessie F. White. Illustrated by Sari. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Another Day. By Marie Hall Ets. Viking. $1.75.

" . . . pour ce que rire est le propre de l'homme," said Rabelais, and so the little boy of this charming tale found out, with the help of the animals.

III CHRISTMAS STORIES

Noel for Jeanne-Marie. By Françoise. Scribners. $2.25.

An exquisite book. There is no one like Françoise to create a Christmas story with such charm. She is an artist, both with brush and pen, very near a small child's heart.

The Magic Fishbone. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. Vanguard. $2.50.

I could not have dreamed of more perfect pictures for the beloved classic.

In Clean Hay. By Eric P. Kelly. Illustrated by Maud & Miska Petersham. Macmillan. $1.25.

A picture book with a realistic story and a Christmas message.

Three—and Domingo. By Marguerite Harmon Bro. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Doubleday. $2.

Bruce the sheep dog tells the story. There are, besides himself, Ingrid the Swedish goat of Swiss ancestry, Domingo the Brazilian burro, John the understanding boy.

IV IMAGINATIVE TALES

The Borrowers. By Mary Norton. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

A delightful story of the miniature people who live under the floor of an old house.

The Silver Chair. By C. S. Lewis. Illustrated by Pauline Baynes. Macmillan. $2.75.

More of the adventures of Eustace and Jill in the land of Narnia. This is a sort of Pilgrim's Progress quest in modern dress. A very absorbing fantasy.

Which Was Witch? Tales of ghosts and magic from Korea. By Eleanore M. Jewett. Illustrated by Taro Yashima. Viking. $2.50.

V STORIES FOR YOUNG BOYS AND GIRLS

This is Shepherd Year, boy shepherds. It is very interesting to see how differently the theme has been handled:

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. . . *And Now Miguel.* By Joseph Krumgold. Illustrated by Jean Charlot. Crowell. $2.75.

Miguel lives in New Mexico and his family, from way back, has had flocks of sheep. Eleven-year-old Miguel's wish: to go with the men and the flock to the summer pastures of Sangre de Cristo Mountain. A great book.

All Alone. By Claire Huchet Bishop. Illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. Viking. $2.50.

French ten-year-old shepherd Marcel's wish: that the village people do everything together. (Reviewed on page 169.)

Song of the Honda. By Rector Lawrence Lee. With illustrations by Frank Nicholas. Little, Brown. $2.50.

Toma, a twelve-year-old shepherd, lives in the Andes. His wish: to capture bandits with the help of the big sling, the honda, and to make music on a real flute.

Show Lamb. By Hildreth T. Wriston. Illustrated by Peter Burchard. Abingdon Cokesbury. $2.50.

Vermont eleven-year-old shepherd Chad's wish: to raise a lamb of his own that would win a ribbon at Tunbridge Fair.

Shadrach. By Meindert DeJong. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper. $2.50.

Little Davie has been ill and nothing seems to interest him anymore, until grandpa speaks of a little rabbit. A classic.

Burma Boy. By Willis Linquist. Pictures by Nicolas Mordvinoff. Whittlesey House. $2.

Majda Koom the mighty elephant has disappeared in the jungle and turned wild. Haji sets out to find him and tame him. A magnificent tale, powerfully illustrated.

The Ark. By Margot Benary-Isbert. Translated by Clara and Richard Winston. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Mrs. Benary-Isbert herself knows what it was like for a family to be refugees in postwar Germany.

The Beatinest Boy. By Jesse Stuart. Illustrated by Robert Henneberger. Whittlesey House. $2.25.

A simple and moving story of David and his grandmother who live in the Kentucky mountains.

NEW OXFORD BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

FLORINA AND THE WILD BIRD
By Selina Chonz
This full-color Swiss picture book tells of a little girl who longs for a pet. Ilustrated by Alois Carigiet. Ages 4-8. $3.00

TIM IN DANGER
By Edward Ardizzone
In his latest and most exciting adventure, this intrepid young hero goes to sea again to rescue his friend, Ginger. Ages 6-10. $2.50

THE DOLL IN THE WINDOW
By Pamela Bianco
A beautiful painted doll and a helpful Cub Scout make Victoria's Christmas a happy one, after all. Ages 4-8. $2.00

BEANIE
By Ruth and Latrobe Carroll
Beanie and his puppy, Tough Enough, think it will be fun to hunt bears on the mountain. But when they meet one, they are not so sure! Ages 6-10. $2.50

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VI POETRY

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. By Catherine O. Peare. Illustrated by Margaret Ayers. Holt. $2.

A biography which deals with the sources of his poetry.

Windy Morning. Poems and Pictures by Harry Behn. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

Mr. Behn's Muse is uneven, but once in a while the spontaneity and the nostalgia comes right through.

A Book of the Seasons. By Eve Garnett. Robert Bentley. $2.75.

An anthology of English lyrics about the seasons and nature, with many pastel-like drawings.

The Golden Book of Little Verses. By Marian Clark Potter. Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

Small rhymes about games and animals.

Jingle Jangle. By Zenya Gay. Viking. $2.

Easy and gay verses about *me* (am I three, am I six?), the animals, the rain, the sea, and Mummy.

VII MUSIC AND ARTS

Michelangelo. A biography by Elizabeth Ripley. With drawings, paintings and sculpture by Michelangelo. Oxford. $3.

As well composed as the previous *Leonardo Da Vinci.*

The Story Behind the Musical Instruments. By Elizabeth Rider Montgomery. Illustrated by Mary Stevens. Dodd, Mead. $2.75.

A good documentary which reads easily.

VIII RELIGIOUS BOOKS

With the Bible Through the Church Year. Around the year from Genesis to Apocalypse. Bible stories retold by Richard Beron, O.S.B.

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Prefaces on the Liturgy by Mary Perkins. Pantheon. $4.95.

As we go to press this beautiful book comes to us. It requires much attention and is obviously a book for the whole family. But I can say at once that I have never seen anything like it before. It achieves a new standard for religious books. And if anyone entertains some doubt about the price, let him rest assured that this is a treasure. (With Imprimatur)

The First Catholics. The Acts of the Apostles for children. By Marigold Hunt. Sheed & Ward. $2.75.

A good introduction to the reading of the full text of the Acts. Miss Hunt has known how to present the dramatic beginnings of the Church and she has tried to do so in all fairness to the Jews who were the first Christians—a term which would have made a better title for this book.

David. The story of the King of Israel. By Brother Evan Schmid, C.S.C. Illustrated by Brother Bernard Howard, C.S.C. Dujarie Press. $2.

Brother Schmid reminds us that "the Church has always honored David as a saint" and that his feast is on December 29. A very readable, large-print story.

Saint Francois and the Wolf. By Hetty Burlingame Beatty. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

The Mission Bell. By Leo Politi. Scribners. $2.25.

Father Junipero Serra comes to California with courage and faith and a heart open to the Indians.

Seven Brave Companions. By Adele Gutman Nathan. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. Aladdin Books. $2.75.

They were Louis Joliet, Father Marquette and five others who went down the "Misipi." A lively account for twelve-year-olds.

IX ANIMAL AND NATURE BOOKS

The Wonder World of Birds. By Marie Neurath. Lothrop, Lee & Shephard. $1.50.

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by RUTH KRAUSS. "*Maurice Sendak's very entertaining pictures* . . . are perfect for Ruth Krauss' verses. . . . Together they show just what goes on inside a little boy's mind."—VIRGINIA KIRKUS. Ages 3-6. $1.75

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by CLARE TURLAY NEWBERRY. How a lonely little boy in a city apartment finally got the kitten he had always wanted makes a wonderful story. Beautiful *Newberry pictures* in color and black-and-white. Ages 6-10. $2.50

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Trees and Trails. By Clarence F. Hylander. Macmillan. $3.

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Sea Shells. By Ruth H. Dudley. Crowell. $2.

All About the Sea. By Fernand C. Lane.
All About Dinosaurs. By Roy Chapman Andrews.
All About the Weather. By Ivan Ray Tannehill. Random House. $1.95 each.

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Riches From the Earth. By Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton. John Day. $2.75.

The Horse Family. By Dorothy Childs Hogner. Pictures by Nils Hogner. Oxford. $2.50.

Brighty of the Grand Canyon. By Marguerite Henry. Illustrated by Wesley Denis. Rand McNally. $2.95.

The life of a wild burro.

Ning's Pony. Written by Hester Hawkes. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Coward-McCann. $2.

Bo-Lo belongs to Ning, a Chinese boy. For younger children.

How the Brothers Joined the Cat Club. Written and illustrated by Esther Averill. Harper. $1.50.

Finnegan II: His Nine Lives. By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. Illustrated by Kate Seredy. Viking. $2.50.

Cat Finnegan II from MacDougal Alley in New York.

All Kinds of Dogs. Edited and with photographs by Walter Chandoha. Knopf. $3.50.

Hurry Home, Candy. By Meindert DeJong. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper. $2.50.

A heart-rending, realistic and beautifully written story of a lost dog.

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Outlaws of the Sourland. By Keith Robertson. Illustrated by Isami Kashiwagi. Viking. $2.50.

Wild dogs in the Sourland Mountain area of New Jersey.

Stories of the Sea. Selected by Phylis R. Fenner. Illustrated by Kurth Werth. Knopf. $3.

The Sea Robbers. By Frank Crisp. Illustrated by R. M. Powers. Coward-McCann. $2.75.

Mr. Crisp is a master of the credible sensational. A wonderful yarn: cops-and-robbers and the sea.

X MAN

The Story of People. By May Edel. Illustrated by Herbert Danska. Little, Brown. $3.

This book is a treasure of information, understanding and beauty. It is an initiation to a science, anthropology.

Communication from Cave Man to Television. By Julie Forsyth Batchelor. Illustrated by C. D. Batchelor. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

A fascinating history, in this too verbal age, about how men from the beginning of time communicated and shared their fears, hopes and discoveries. (Gestures, drawings, languages, newspapers, radios, television, even Braille and Rebus.)

XI SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS

Superliner S.S. United States. Written and illustrated by Henry Billings. Viking. $3.

Great Trains of the World. By Wyatt Blassingame. Illustrated by Jack Goggins. Random House. $1.

All About Radio and Television. By Jack Gould. Illustrated by Bette J. Davis. Random House. $1.95.

Mr. Gould is on the staff of the New York *Times* as Radio and Television Editor, but he knows how to give clear explanations to youngsters about electronics. The make-up of the book is about as good as it could possibly be.

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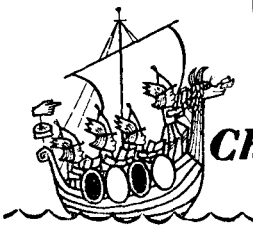

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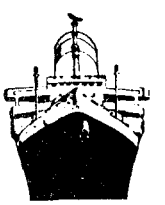

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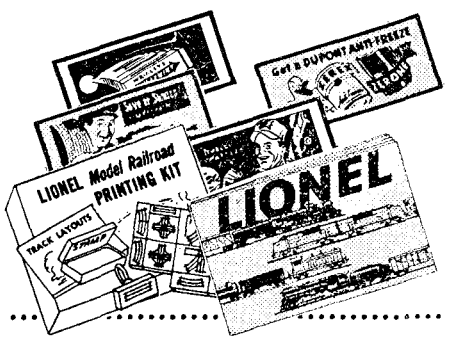

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